



CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. *T O W N*,

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NOTHING is more natural, than for the quacks of all professions to recommend their wares to those persons, who are most likely to stand in need of them. Thus Mrs. *Giles* very properly acquaints the fair sex, that

she sells her fine compound for taking off superfluous hairs at a guinea an ounce: and ladies of quality are constantly informed, where they may be furnished with the newest brocades, or the choicest variety of *Chelsea* China figures for deserts. It is very necessary that the *Beau Monde* should be acquainted, that *Eau de Luce* is prepared here in *England*, the same as at *Paris*: but I must own, I was very much surpris'd at seeing repeated advertisements in the papers

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from the Rich Cordial Warehouse, introduced by an address "TO THE PEOPLE OF FASHION." I cannot but look upon this as a libel on our persons of distinction, and I know not whether it may not be construed into *scandalum magnatum*; as it tacitly insinuates, that our Right Honourables are no better than Dram-drinkers.

THERE is a well-known story of the famous *Rabelais*, that having a mind to impose on the curiosity of his landlord, he filled several vials with an innocent liquor, and directed them with—Poison for the King,—Poison for the Dauphin,—Poison for the Prime Minister,—and for all the principal courtiers. The same might be said of these Rich Cordial Liquors, which, however they may recommend themselves to the People of Fashion by their foreign titles and extraction, are to be considered as poisons in masquerade: and instead of the pompous names of *Eau d'Or*, *Eau Divine*, and the like, I would have labels fixed on the bottles (in imitation of *Rabelais*) with—Poison for my Lord Duke,—Poison for the Viscount,—Poison for the Countess.

WE live, indeed, in so polite an age, that nothing goes down with us, but what is either imported from *France* and *Italy*, or dignified with a foreign appellation. Our dress must be entirely *à la mode de Paris*; and I will venture to ensure great success to the *Monsieur* taylor, who tells us in the public papers, that he has just been to *France* to see the newest fashions. A dinner is not worth eating, if not served up by a *French* cook; our wines are of the same country; and the Dram-drinkers of fashion comfort their spirits with Rich Cordials from *Chamberry*, *Neuilly*, and *l'Isle de Rbe*. A plain man must undoubtedly smile at the alluring names, which are given to many of them; nor is it possible

possible to guess at their composition from their title. The virtues, as well as the intent, of Viper Water may be well known: but who would imagine, that *Flora Granata* or *Belle de Nuit* should be intended only to signify a dram? For my own part, I should rather have taken *Maraschino* for an *Italian* fiddler, and have concluded that *Jacomonoodi* was no other than an Opera-finger.

BUT Dram-drinking, however different in the phrase, is the same in practice, in every station of life; and sipping Rich Cordials is no less detestable, than in the vulgar idiom Bunging your Eye. What signifies it, whether we muddle with *Eau de Millefleurs* or Plain Aniseed? or whether we fetch our drams from the Rich Cordial Warehouse, or the Blackamoor and Golden Still? The lady of St. James's, who paints her face with frequent applications of Coffee or Chocolate Water, looks as hideous as the trollop of St. Giles's, who has laid on the same colours by repeated half-quarters of Gin Royal. There are many customs among the great, which are also practised by the lower sort of people: and if persons of fashion must wrap up their drams in the disguise of a variety of specious titles, in this too they are rivalled by the vulgar. Madam Gin has been christened by as many names as a *German* princess: every petty chandler's shop will sell you Sky-blue, and every night-cellar furnish you with *Holland Tape*, three yards a penny. Nor can I see the difference between *Oil of Venus*, *Spirit of Adonis*, *Parfait Amour*, for the use of our quality, and what among the vulgar is called *Cupid's Eye-water*, *Strip me naked*, and *Lay me down softly*.

To these elegant and genteel appellations it is, indeed, chiefly owing, that Drams are not confined merely to the vulgar, but are in esteem among all ranks of people, and especially

especially among the ladies. Many a good woman, who would start at the mention of Strong Waters, cannot conceive there can be any harm in a Cordial. And as the fair sex are more particularly subject to a depression of spirits, it is no wonder that they should convert their apothecaries shops into Rich Cordial Warehouses, and take Drams by way of physick; as the common people make Gin serve for meat, drink, and cloaths. The ladies perhaps may not be aware, that every time they have recourse to their Hartshorn or Lavender Drops, to drive away the vapours, they in effect take a Dram; and they may be assured, that their Cholic, Surfeit, and Plague Waters are to be ranked among spirituous liquors, as well as the common stuff at the Gin-shop. The College of Physicians, in their last review of the *London Dispensatory*, for this very reason expelled the Strong Water generally known by the soothing name of Hysteric Water; because it was a lure to the female sex to dram it by authority, and to get tipsy *secundum artem*.

If any of my fair readers have at all given into this pernicious practice of Dram-drinking, I must intreat them to leave it off betimes, before it has taken such hold of them, as they can never shake off. For the desire of Drams steals upon them, and grows to be habitual, by imperceptible degrees: as those, who are accustomed to take opiates, are obliged to encrease the dose gradually, and at last cannot sleep without it. The following letter may serve to convince them of the deplorable situations of a lady, who covers her drinking under the pretence of mending her constitution.

Mr. TOWN!

I HAVE the misfortune to be married to a poor sickly creature, who labours under a complication of disorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continued course of

Strong

Strong Liquors; though poor woman! she would not else touch a Dram for the world. Sometimes she is violently troubled with the tooth-ach; and then she is obliged to hold a glass of Rum in her mouth, to numb the pain: at other times she is seized with a racking fit of the cholic, and nothing will so soon give her ease as some right *Holland's Gin*. She has the gout in her constitution; and whenever she feels a twitch of it, the only thing is sheer Brandy to keep it from her head: but this is sometimes too *cold* for her, and she is forced to drive it out of her stomach with true *Irish Usquebaugh*. She is never free from the vapours, notwithstanding she is continually drinking Hartshorn and water: and ever since she miscarried, she is so hysterical in the night time, that she never lies without a Cordial-Water bottle by her bedside. I have paid the apothecary about fifty pounds for her, in one year, and his bill is laced down with nothing but Drops, Pepper Mint Water, and the Cordial Draught repeated.

HER very diet must always be made *heartening*, otherwise it will do her no good. Tea would make her low-spirited, except she was to qualify every dish with a large spoonful of Rum. She has a glass of Mountain with Bitters an hour before dinner to create an appetite: and her stomach is so poor, that when she is at table, she must force every bit down with a glass of Madeira. We usually have a tiff of punch together in the evening: but the acid would gripe her, and the water keep her awake all the night, if it was not made *comfortable* with more than an equal portion of Spirit.

BUT notwithstanding the grievous complaints she hourly labours under, she is very hale; and her complexion is, to

all appearance, as healthy and florid, as a milk-maid's: except indeed, that her nose and forehead are subject to red pimples, blotches, and breakings out, which the apothecary tells me are owing to a kind of an acrimonious humour in her blood. For my part, considering the quantity of combustibles she continually pours down, I should imagine the fire in her stomach would kindle a flame in her countenance; and I should not wonder if her face looked as horrible, as those who hang over a bowl of burnt Brandy at Snap-Dragon.

I am,

S I R,

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY NOGGAN.